[Vol. 1.] THE [No. 40.]

WEEKLY VISITANT.

FOR OCTOBER 4.

"OURS ARE THE PLANS OF FAIR DELIGHTFUL PEACE,
"UNWARP'D BY PARTY RAGE, TO LIVE LIKE BROTHERS."

SALEM—SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 11, 1806.

ORIGINAL.

FOR THE WEEKLY VISITANT.

WIELAND.

Persons acquainted with the writings of Wieland, will be gratified with the following character of that consummate poet.

"Wieland is distinguished with ductility of imagination. His fancy, endowed with intuitive ubiquity, is alike at home in every place and in every age, and knows how to invest the costume, and to think within the range of idea appropriate to its peculiar situation. He seems able to shoot his soul into the body of man or woman, libertine or sage, of ancient or modern, of Persian, Greek, or Goth; and by a voluntary metemsychosis to animate each with characteristic expression." *Monthly Review, vol.* 19. 1796.

FAMILIARITY.

It has been justly remarked by a writer in the Visitant, the excellence of whose communications makes us regret their discontinuance, that "all proverbial sayings are founded on a close observation of mankind, and are therefore the more true and the more to be depended on." The truth of this proposition is strikingly exemplified by the following maxim, which, though frequently inculcated, is not sufficiently regarded. *Familiarity breeds contempt.* This is equally applicable to the rude and the refined. Ingenuous minds have an ardent propensity to mingle with mankind, and unreservedly to communicate their warmest emotions; but mingling with the illiterate and boisterously uncivil, they imperceptibly acquire a similarity of taste, sentiment, and behavior. Injudicious familiarity creates disgust among equals, and should be avoided with equal circumspection. We are not compelled to be either kissing or kicking our associates; there is an intermediate course, that will effectually secure us from both *honey* and *wormwood.*

MELODIOUS VERSE.

Dr. Johnson affirmed, that not a line of poetry could be discov-

ered among all the modern languages so melodious as the following:—

"Formosam resonare doces Amaryllida silvas."

Though we are delighted with the majesty and music of Virgil's versification, we are not so immoderately attached to any author, as to be insensible to the excellencies of others. To evince the falsity of the Doctor's affirmation, it will be sufficient to produce a few English hexameters of superior melody.

Yet not the more
Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt.
MILTON.

Through glades and gloom the mingled measure stole.
COLLINS.

With sweeter music murmur as they flow.
AKENSIDE.

Come, gentle Spring, ethereal mildness, come.
THOMSON.

And—fearful music—heard upon the wind
The modulated step of multitudes. SOUTHEY.

Memory has furnished me with these examples. Others more appropriate might have been found, had I submitted to the labor of search; but I fancy some of these are more musical than Johnson's favorite. Let the reader decide.

EPIGRAM.

Sympathetic tears, sympathetic hearts, sympathetic feelings, and a thousand other sympathetic things are not uncommon; but has the intelligent reader ever heard of sympathetic *blushes?* If he has not, we will give him an instance of this *Lusus Naturæ.*

Eliza's roseate features glow,
With intermingled hue of snow,
A heaven of harmony;
As Frank embrac'd the blushing maid,
And by her own his *pale* cheek laid,
He *blush'd* in sympathy.

I should admire to hear a philosopher descant upon this phenomenon! To him I relinquish it; he may elaborately enumerate its component parts, and transmit the result of his inquiries for our edification. V.

(SELECTED.)

FROM THE PORTSMOUTH ORACLE.

FASHION.

The capricious nature and uncontrouled authority of fashion have often been ridiculed by the poet and deprecated by the moralist. Love of novelty has irresistible influence in engaging the feelings, directing the pursuits and controuling the fashions of men, in every department of society, and stage of existence. Thus, whether we muse over the ruins of antiquity, or contemplate those changes effected by the agency of man, we shall find that the sur-

est and greatest innovator, is fashion. It is a tyrant of uneasy temper and ambitious views, striving to overturn what experience has prescribed and utility sanctioned, and expecting that every new discovery will enlarge the empire of knowledge and extend the boundaries of happiness. To this arbitrary and cruel despot, numbers daily swear allegiance, to the sacrifice of their health and patrimony, independence and reputation.

Though the influence of fashion is deeply to be regretted in every pursuit of life and diversity of character, it is most powerful and oppressive, over the republic of beauty. Hence, those whose personal charms and amiable qualities should place them on the pinnacle of independence, are two often bound by the chains of fashion. The art of concealment was formerly considered a necessary constituent of female prerogative, and one of the surest safeguards of their dignity, innocence and beauty. Custom, however, has rendered this practice obselete; and the modest veil drawn over the face, would now be considered, either to elude the ravages of time, or to conceal the deformities of nature. Things that are common are often little noticed, and beauty that is too visible soon loses its power to charm. The sun of our system acquires new brilliancy, and shines with additional lustre, by being sometimes obscured in darkness, and sometimes enveloped in clouds.

In nothing, is the capriciousness of fashion more manifest, and its consequences more hurtful, than in dress. Dress is a restless Proteus, elevated on the throne of folly, by the suffrages of the tailor and mantuamaker, and worshipped with obsequious devotion by the gewgaw beau and the gilded dance, by him, whose knowledge is confined to the dimensions of the wardrobe, and the labors of the silk-worm. They, whose only hope of being noticed, is from the gaudy trappings of splendid apparel, may garnish for a while a rotten and unsubstantial pillar, which will attract the eye of senseless curiosity, and the gaze of distant admiration, until it melts into putrescence, or crumbles into nihility. It is the Tuscan column, which defies the corrosion of time. The stile of dress has of late suffered a wonderful metamorphosis. Formerly, indeed, it was designed, not only for comfort but necessity, not only to guard against the coldness of weather, but the inclemency of libertinism. Now, however brittle the constitution, feeble the body, or severe the cold, "naked nature and living grace" are the order of the day, and must be conformed to, by our fashionable females, though they lead to the chamber of sickness and the bed of death, though they expose the chaste bosom to the view of wantonness, and allure the enraptured youth into the primrose paths of dalliance.

The superiority of natural to artificial beauty, no one will doubt who compares the delicate features and expressive vermillion of an American female, with the lifeless image of a Chinese idol. Yet, strange it is, the contrary doctrine has obtained astonishing belief. How many endeavor to make up by art, for nature's deficiency, and even to improve by art on nature's prodigality. Nature is beauty. Unreasonable is the opinion that the countenance, which blends in happy proportion, the lily with the rose, can receive loveliness by consulting the looking-glass, and the toad-eater. It may answer for those, on whom time has conferred the insignia of hoary locks and wrinkled foreheads to import exotic blushes and shine with borrowed ornaments, but never for the roseate bloom of youth, and the living originals of nature.

The amusement of shopping has received the sanction of fashionable usage. It has the admirable effect of consuming those heavy hours, which necessarily happen between the sleigh-ride and assembly, the morning visit and the evening rout. The utility of this custom is further evident, as it presents an opportunity of displaying beauty of countenance and elegance of form, and of affording occupation to those senseless coxcombs and butterfly street walkers, who else might gaze without being delighted, and perambulate without being accompanied.

* * * * * * * * * *

There is one subject concerning which all are eloquent, because all are interested, and it is always discussed with the liveliness of fancy and embellished with the flowers of rhetoric. No person will disguise the sovereignty of love, or pretend insensibility to its charms: and it affords an inexhaustible fountain of hope and of conversation, to the blooming virgin and the "sweet old maid," to the stripling youth and veteran bachelor. True love is doubtless instrumental in cherishing and exciting the most amiable and virtuous dispositions, of yielding the purest and most refined delights. But it is of a nature modest and retiring, and unobtrusive and intellectual. Far different from that other sort of love, most prevalent in modern days, which we consider to be spurious; "'tis fancy's child, and folly is its father, made of such stuff as dreams are; and baseless as the fantastic visions of the evening."—It is no difficult thing to separate the real from the counterfeit. The latter is a quality seated in the brain, and always dancing on the tongues of men; and so much of its energies are exhausted in speculation, that none are left for action. Sometimes, however, it is the resort of expediency and convenience, and sometimes it is inspired by the love of gain. Often have the arrows of Cupid, compounded with beauty, innocence, and virtue, failed to take effect, when their efficacy have been immediate by being tipped with gold.

IRISH ELOQUENCE.

FROM CURRAN'S SPEECHES.

Universal Emancipation.—"I speak in the spirit of the British Law, which makes Liberty commensurate with, and inseparable from the British soil—which proclaims even to the stranger and sojourner, the moment he sets his foot upon British earth, that the ground on which he treads is holy, and consecrated by the Genius of UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION. No matter in what language his doom may have been pronounced;—no matter what complexion incompatible with freedom, an Indian or an African sun may have burnt upon him;—no matter in what disastrous battle his liberty may have been cloven down;—no matter with what solemnities he may have been devoted upon the altar of Slavery;—the first moment he touches the sacred soil of Britain, the altar and the god sink together in the dust; his soul walks abroad in her own majesty; his body swells beyond the measure of his chains, that burst from around him, and he stands redeemed, regenerated and disinthralled, by the irresistible Genius of UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION!"

In 1793, speaking of the danger of French principles to the British nation, Mr. Curran has the following beautiful Figure—"The danger seemed larger to the public eye, from the misty medium through which it was surveyed. We measure inaccessible heights by the shadows which they project, where the lowness and distance of the light form the length of the shade."

Close of a Speech on Rowan's Trial.—"But if, which Heaven forbid, it hath been unfortunately determined, that because he has not bent to Power and Authority, because he would not bow down before the Golden Calf and worship it, he is to be bound and cast into the furnace—I do trust in God, that there is a redeeming spirit in the Constitution, which will be seen to walk with the sufferer through the flames, and to preserve him unhurt by the conflagration."

The following Extract from a speech on the Trial of Owen Kirwan, in 1803, *contains a fine description of Bigotry*—"I now come here through a composed and quiet city—I read no expressions in any face, but such as mark the ordinary feelings of social life, or the various characters of civil occupation—I see no frightful spectacle of infuriated power, or suffering humanity—I see no tortures—I hear no shrieks—I no longer see the human heart char'd in the flame of its own vile and paltry passions, black and bloodless, capable only of catching and communicating that destructive fire by which it devours, and is itself devoured—I no longer behold the ravages of that odious *Bigotry*, by which we were deformed, and degraded, and disgraced—a bigotry against which no honest man should miss an opportunity of putting his countrymen, of all sects and descriptions, upon their guard—It is the accursed progeny of servile hypocrisy—of remorseless lust of power—of insatiate thirst of gain, laboring for the destruction of man under the specious pretences of Religion—her banners stolen from the altar of God, and her allies congregated from the abysses of Hell."

SELECTED POETRY.

THE LOVE ELEGIES OF ABEL SHUFFLEBOTTOM.

ELEGY III.

The Poet expatiates on the beauty of Delia's hair.

The comb between whose ivory teeth she strains
  The straitening curls of gold so *beamy bright*,
Not spotless merely from the touch remains,
  But issues forth more pure, more *milky white*.

The rose-pomatum that the FRISEUR spreads
  Sometimes with honour'd fingers for my fair,
No added perfume on her tresses sheds,
  But borrows sweetness from her sweeter hair.

Happy the FRISEUR who in Delia's hair
  With licensed fingers uncontrouled may rove,
And happy in his death the DANCING BEAR,
  Who died to make pomatum for my LOVE.

Oh could I hope that e'er my favored lays
  Might *curl those lovely locks* with conscious pride,
Nor Hammond, nor the Mantuan Shepherd's praise
  I'd envy then, nor wish reward beside.

Cupid has strung from you, O tresses fine,
  The bow that in my breast impelled his dart;
From you, sweet locks! he wove the subtle line
  Wherewith the urchin *angled for* MY HEART.

Fine are my Delia's tresses as the threads
  That from the silk-worm, *self-interred*, proceed;
Fine as the GLEAMY GOSSAMER, that spreads
  Its filmy web-work o'er the tangled mead.

Yet with these tresses Cupid's power elate
My captive *heart* has *handcuffed* in a chain,
Strong as the cables of some huge first-rate,
That bears Britannia's thunder o'er the main.

The SYLPHS that round her radiant locks repair,
In *flowing lustre* bathe their brightening wings;
And ELFIN MINSTRELS with assiduous care
The ringlets rob for FAERY *fiddle-strings.*

ELEGY IV.

The Poet relates how he stole a Lock of Delia's Hair, and her Anger.

Oh! be the day accurst that gave me birth!
Ye seas to swallow me in kindness rise!
Fall on me, mountains! and thou, merciful earth,
Open, and hide me from my Delia's eyes!

Let universal chaos now return,
Now let the central fires their prison burst,
And Earth and Heaven and Air and Ocean burn—
For Delia frowns—she frowns, and I am curst!

Oh! I could dare the fury of the fight,
Where hostile millions sought my single life;
Would storm Volcano batteries with delight,
And grapple with grim Death in glorious strife.

Oh! I could brave the bolts of angry Jove,
When ceaseless lightnings fire the midnight skies;
What is his wrath to that of her I love?
What is his LIGHTNING to my DELIA'S EYES?

Go, fatal Lock! I cast thee to the wind;
Ye *serpent* CURLS, ye *poison-tendrils* go—
Would I could tear thy memory from my mind,
Accursed Lock—thou cause of all my woe!

Seize the curst curls, ye Furies as they fly!
Dæmons of darkness, guard the infernal roll,
That thence your cruel vengeance when I die,
May *knit the knots of torture for my soul.*

Last night—Oh hear me Heaven, and grant my prayer!
The Book of Fate before thy suppliant lay,
And let me from its ample records tear
Only the single page of Yesterday!

Or let me meet old Time upon his flight,
And I will stop him on his restless way;
Omnipotent in Love's resistless might,
I'll force him back the road of Yesterday.

Last night, as o'er the page of Love's despair,
My Delia bent *deliciously* to grieve;
I stood a treacherous loiterer by her chair,
And drew the FATAL SCISSARS from my sleeve:

And would that at that instant o'er my thread
The SHEARS OF ATROPOS had open'd then;
And when I reft the lock from Delia's head,
Had cut me sudden from the sons of men!

She heard the scissars that fair lock divide,
And whilst my heart with transport panted big,
She cast a fury frown on me, and cried,
"*You stupid puppy—you have spoiled my wig.*"

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANECDOTE.

Scipio Nasica, the cousin of the great Scipio, called one day on Ennius the poet, whose servant, though his master was actually at home, denied him. Soon after Ennius returned the visit, and was told by Scipio himself that he was not at home. Nay, says Ennius, I know you are, I hear your voice. You are a fine fellow indeed, replied Scipio, when I called the other day on you, I believed the maid, who told me you were not at home, and now you will not believe me, although you hear my voice.

IGNORANCE OF THE TURKS.

FROM WITTMAN'S TRAVEL'S.

I introduce the following anecdote to evince, among other facts, the very unenlightened condition of the Turks, without excepting even their principal men, in whatever regards the sciences. General Koehler was requested by the Grand Vizier to have a map of the world sketched out for him. This request having been complied with, a conversation ensued, in which the General, having the plan before him, told his Highness, among other particulars, that the earth was round. This information caused no small degree of surprise to the Turkish minister; and it appeared, by his reply, that he was disposed to doubt the truth of the assertion. "If," he observed, "the earth is round, how can the people, and other detached objects on the half beneath, be prevented from falling off?"—When he was told that the earth revolved round the sun, he displayed an equal degree of scepticism, observing that if that was the case, the ships bound from Jaffa to Constantinople, instead of proceeding to that capital, would be carried to London, or elsewhere. So much for the astronomical and geographical knowledge of a Turkish statesman.

Humourous Etymological Observations, abridged from Swift's Posthumous Works.

Away with Pezrow, Skinner, Vorstigan, Bambden and a thousand others; the English language was originally the same with the Hebrew, Latin and Greek, however corrupted by mudern barbarisms. A few proofs will be advanced from all three of these foreign lingoes, as they are now termed.

Abraham most probably received his name from some persons in the neighborhood, well acquainted witn the Scotch dialect, who, observing his strong sinewy make, and firmness of walking said, there goes a gentleman of *a bra ham*, or a man of a fine strong ham.

Isaac is neither more nor less than *eyes-ache*, as can be proved from Bengorion and Targum, who agree that he was troubled with this malady.

Achilles, the most valiant of all the Greeks, a restless, unquiet fellow, was known throughout the army, by the title of *a kill ease*, as Guy, Earl of Warwick, was surnamed *kill-cow*, and another famous general *kill-devil*.

Cæsar, the greatest captain of the empire, ought to be spelt *Seizer*, from his having seized upon the world, and the liberties of his country.

A TEXT.

A preacher in Arabia having taken for his text that portion of the Koran, "*I have called Noah*," after twice repeating his text made a long pause; when an Arab present thinking that he was waiting for an answer, exclaimed, "If Noah will not come, call somebody else."

MR. HOLYOKE'S CONCERT.

On Thursday afternoon Mr. Holyoke gave his Concert in the South Meeting-House. The performance was correct, and the applauses of a numerous auditory did justice to the merits of the conductor.—We understand that Mr. Holyoke intends shortly to repeat his entertainment.

ORDINATION.

At Ipswich, on Wednesday last, Rev. David Tenny Kimball, was ordained to the pastoral care of the first church and society in that town. Rev. Mr. Abbot, of Beverly, introduced the solemnities of the day by an appropriate Address to the auditory—Rev. Mr. Eaton, of Boxford, made the Introductory Prayer—Rev. Mr. Allen, of Bradford, Preached from 1st Cor. xii. 31.—The Charge was given by the Rev. Dr. Cutler, of Hamilton—the Fellowship of the Churches by the Rev. Dr. Dana, of Ipswich—and the Rev. Mr. Whitaker, of Sharon, made the Concluding Prayer.

DEDICATION.

On Thursday last, a new and elegant Meeting-House at Gloucester, built by the Universalist Society, was dedicated for the worship of the Supreme Being. The exercises were commenced with Prayer by the Rev. Mr. Murray, of Boston. An excellent and appropriate Discourse was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Jones, from Ephesians ii. 20, 21, 22—"And are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone; in whom all the building fitly framed together, groweth unto an holy temple in the Lord: In whom ye also are builded together for an habitation of God through the Spirit."

MARRIAGES.

In Portsmouth, N. H. Rev. Charles Lowell, of Boston, to Miss Harriet Spence, of the former place.

In Boston, Mr. Elisha Smith, of Salem, to Miss Mary Butler Bass, of Boston.

In this town, Capt. Joseph Bowditch, to Miss Lois Bowditch.

BIRTHS.

The wife of a Mr. Roberts, of Dover, N.H. was lately delivered of *three* SONS, at a birth; and the wife of Major Dwight, of Northampton, of *three* DAUGHTERS.—Each of the infants weighed *seven pounds*. On this prolific subject, the Dover "*Sun*" gives the following lines:—

"May these sweet girls, in Hymen's silken joys
Be joined, at last, to these as lovely boys;
May each as fertile as her mother be,
And bless the world at once with three times three."

DEATHS.

At Newburyport, Mr. Tristram Coffin, aged 72. At Boxford, Mrs. Betsey Herrick, aged 32, wife of Mr. Israel H. At Beverly, Miss Nancy Lee, aged 26, daughter of Mr. Joseph Lee.

At Marblehead, Martha, wife of Elijah W. Roundy, aged 23, beloved and lamented.

At Sea, Capt. Eliphalet S. Patterson, aged 25, of this town.

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